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# MENTOR

JANUARY 1926

HISTORY

LITERATURE



GROUP OF AFRICAN ELEPHANTS PREPARED BY CARL AKELEY FOR AFRICAN HALL  
the bull elephant who shot in Africa by Mr. Akeley, the female by Theodore Roosevelt, and the young one by

AFRICAN HALL—BIG GAME HUNTING  
AND COLLECTING—BY CARL AKELEY



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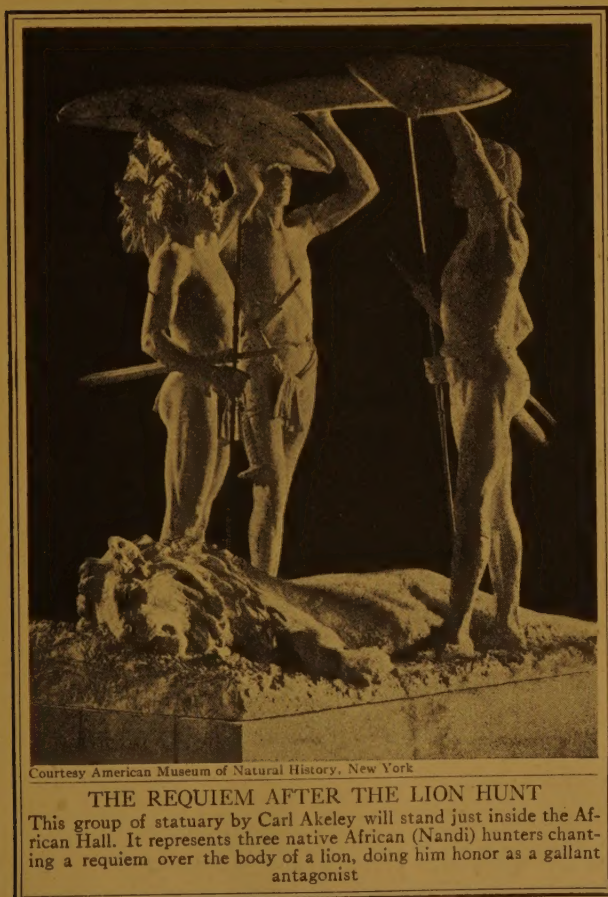


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# THE STORY OF AFRICAN HALL

HOW BIG GAME HAS BEEN COLLECTED AND ASSEMBLED FOR THE  
AFRICAN EXHIBIT IN THE AMERICAN MUSEUM  
OF NATURAL HISTORY, NEW YORK

BY CARL AKELEY

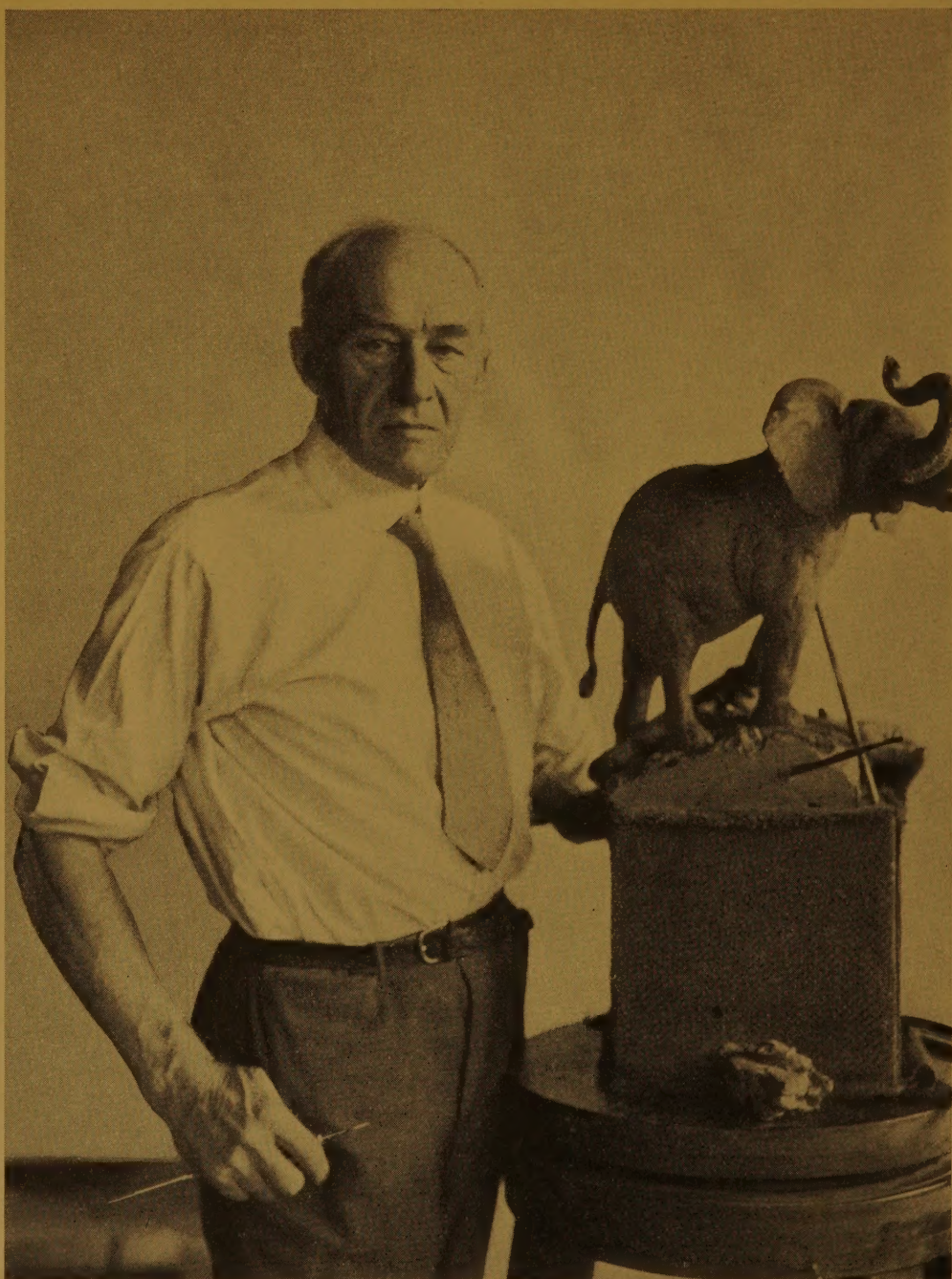


## FOREWORD BY HENRY FAIRFIELD OSBORN

President of Trustees, American Museum of Natural History

**F**OR twenty-five years past, Carl Akeley has visioned the enduring preservation of the wondrous life of Africa in all the pristine beauty and grandeur of its natural environment. Encouraged by the backing of the American Museum, Mr. Akeley has journeyed to Africa four times, has conceived and planned an ideal African Hall and Gallery, has brought his sculptural and artistic technique to perfection and insured the quality of permanence, has written books, delivered lectures, inspired prospective friends and patrons—in short, has created the great movement which is now well under way.





Courtesy American Museum of Natural History

CARL AKELEY, ARTIST, SCULPTOR, BIG GAME HUNTER, TAXIDERMIST AND INVENTOR

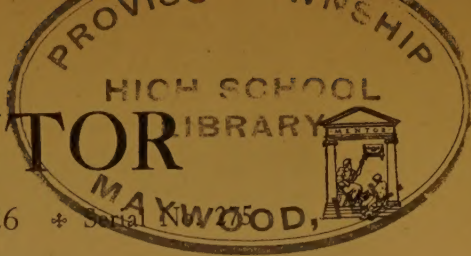
The photograph shows Mr. Akeley at work on a model in his studio in the American Museum of Natural History, New York





# THE MENTOR

Vol. 13 No. 12 \* JANUARY, 1926 \* Serial No. 175



From a photograph by Martin Johnson

## "JUST AFRICA"

A bit of landscape that conveys some impression of the photographer's ability as an artist, and also of the beauty of the natural setting he has selected for motion picture films now in the making



## HE JOYS OF AFRICA\*

The Delights of Hardy Life and Adventure in  
the Greatest of the World's Hunting Grounds

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

*Photographs Courtesy American Museum of Natural History*

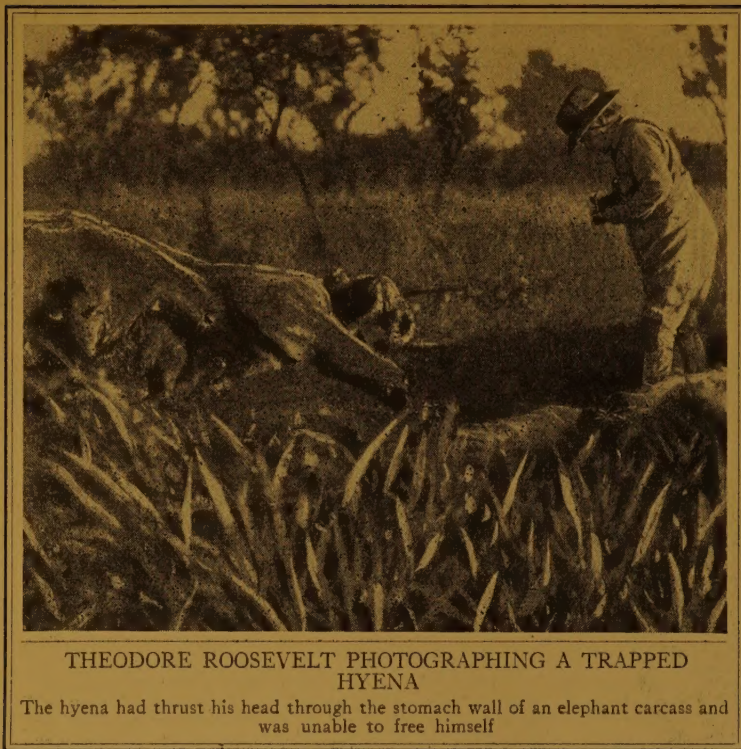
"I speak of Africa and golden joys," the joy of wandering through lonely lands, the joy of hunting the mighty and terrible lords of the wilderness, the cunning, the wary and the grim.

In these greatest of the world's great hunting grounds there are mountain peaks whose snows are dazzling under the equatorial sun, swamps where the slime oozes and bubbles and festers in the steaming heat, lakes like seas, skies that burn above deserts where the iron desolation is shrouded from view by the wavering mockery of the mirage, vast grassy plains where palms and thorn trees fringe the dwindling streams, mighty rivers rushing out of the heart of the continent through the sadness of endless marshes, forests of gorgeous beauty, where death broods in the dark and silent depths.

There are regions as healthy as the Northland, and other regions radiant

\*From "African Game Trails," copyright, 1909, 1910, by Charles Scribner's Sons. By permission of the publishers.





THEODORE ROOSEVELT PHOTOGRAPHING A TRAPPED  
HYENA

The hyena had thrust his head through the stomach wall of an elephant carcass and was unable to free himself

with bright-hued flowers, birds and butterflies, odorous with sweet and heavy scents, but treacherous in their beauty and sinister to human life. On the land and in the water there are dread brutes that feed on the flesh of man, and among the lower things that crawl and fly and sting and bite he finds swarming foes far more evil and deadly than any beast or reptile, foes that kill his crops and his cattle,

foes before which he himself perishes in his hundreds of thousands.

The dark-skinned races that live in the land vary widely. Some are warlike, cattle-owning nomads; some till the soil and live in thatched huts shaped like beehives; some are fisher-folk; some are apelike, naked savages, who dwell in the woods and prey on creatures not much wilder and lower than themselves.

The land teems with beasts of the chase, infinite in number and incredible in variety. It holds the fiercest beasts of ravin and the fleetest and most timid of those beings that live in undying fear of talon and fang. It holds the largest and the smallest of hoofed animals. It holds the mightiest creatures that tread the earth or swim in its rivers; it also holds distant kinsfolk of these same creatures, no bigger than woodchucks, which dwell in crannies of the rocks and in the treetops. There are antelope smaller than hares and antelope larger than oxen. There are creatures which are the embodiments of grace; and others whose huge ungainliness is like that of a shape in a nightmare. The plains are alive with droves of strange and beautiful animals whose like is not known elsewhere, and with others even stranger that show both in form and in temper something of the fantastic and the grotesque. It is a never-ending pleasure to gaze at the great herds of buck as they move to and fro in their myriads, as they stand for their noontide rest in the quivering heat haze, as the long files come down to drink at the watering places, as they feed and fight and rest and make love.



## THE JOYS OF AFRICA

The hunter who wanders through these lands sees sights which ever afterward remain fixed in his mind. He sees the monstrous river horse snorting and plunging beside the boat, the giraffe looking over the treetops at the nearing horseman, the ostrich fleeing at a speed that none may rival, the snarling leopard and coiled python with their lethal beauty, the zebras barking in the moonlight, as the laden caravan passes on its night march through a thirsty land. In after years there shall come to him memories of the lion's charge; of the gray bulk of the elephant, close at hand in the somber woodland; of the buffalo, his sullen eyes lowering from under his helmet of horn; of the rhinoceros, truculent and stupid, standing in the bright sunlight on the empty plain.

These things can be told. But there are no words that can tell the hidden spirit of the wilderness, that can reveal its mystery, its melancholy and its charm. There is delight in the hardy life of the open, in long rides rifle in hand, in the thrill of the fight with dangerous game. Apart from this, yet mingled with it, is the strong attraction of the silent places, of the large tropic moons and the splendor of the new stars; where the wanderer sees the awful glory of sunrise and sunset in the wide waste spaces of the earth, unworn of man and changed only by the slow change of the ages through time everlasting.



THEODORE ROOSEVELT AND KERMIT ON THE UASIN GISHI PLATEAU

With the old cow of the elephant group of the American Museum of Natural History. This picture was taken in November, 1909





Courtesy American Museum of Natural History

### THE CHARGING HERD

As a sculptor Carl Akeley has an almost unique advantage in having been able to study wild animals from life



## THE MAKING OF A MUSEUM

How Hunter, Sculptor, Painter and Taxidermist Combine in Composing Big Game Groups

BY STEWART EDWARD WHITE

The other day Mr. Akeley outlined for me the hopes and plans, and the alternatives, for the African exhibit in the American Museum of Natural History. So struck was I by the unique opportunity here presented that I cannot refrain from writing these few paragraphs for *The Mentor*. I am the more impelled to this because here for the first time I find concretely exemplified what I have always believed.

The function of a museum exhibit is, in essential, to make visually familiar to people that of which they are ignorant. It is to bring to them what they cannot go to see for themselves. Descriptions are well enough, but they must, by their very nature, be a series of references, of comparisons to what is already in the consciousness of the reader. The writer must begin with something familiar and work out from that. A lion is a cat, he begins. But at once he must modify the conception that statement calls up. It is a large cat, of such and such dimensions; it has hair around its neck and shoulders; it is a light brown cat; and so on. The impression he succeeds in leaving depends somewhat, of course, on his own skill; but more largely on his readers' equipment of understanding and especially of correlative imagination. He may call to his aid the pictorial art, and so end by conveying a fair intellectual conception of what the beast is like. He has, however,



## THE MAKING OF A MUSEUM

conveyed at best only a very diluted *emotional* conception; and that is very well proved by the additional effect produced by the actual sight of a lion skin; or, better still, by a lion skilfully mounted. This is true not only with birds and animals and other living things but also with exotic garments, implements, handicrafts. No amount of picture post cards can more than prepare the mind for the impression of an actual totem pole or feast bowl or grass skirt or assagai or decorated shield before one's very face and eyes. That is the value of the museum specimen. It informs the intellectual conception, however intelligent, with reality.

For a long time the mere collection and display of isolated objects was sufficient. But slowly the general public has reached a saturation point in that respect. Most people have seen all these things in their glass cases or hung upon the walls. They know what they look like, in mere physical characteristic. That portion of their impression has been filled.

But there remains the further impression to be gained of the thing not merely as it is in physical characteristic but as it is in relation to its actual environment. No amount of staring at a lion in a cage can prepare one fully for his first sight of a lion in the wilds. Here another effort of the imagination is required, and without proper guidance the imagination is more likely than not to go astray. One of the methods of proper guidance—the next step beyond the mere presentation of the object—is to mount the beast in a natural position or in groups with others of his kind. The ultimate refinement is to place these groups in replicas of the actual natural environment. Once this is successfully accomplished all elements save those of life and movement are present before the eyes, and we have gone as far as we are able toward extending the consciousness of the stay-at-home into comprehension.

This is the modern



Courtesy James L. Clark, American Museum of Natural History

### AFRICAN BUFFALO

Considered by many to be the most dangerous game of Africa, the buffalo is bad individually and in herds, which sometimes run into the hundreds. This bronze, standing some twenty inches high and sculptured by James L. Clark, was selected by the members of the African Big Game Club as their memorial to their gallant member and great African hunter, Selous, and sent to Africa bearing the following inscription: "In memory of that great hunter, true sportsman and gallant soldier, Capt. Frederick Courteney Selous, D. S. O. Killed in action in German East Africa, January 3, 1917"





Courtesy American Museum of Natural History

#### A MOUNTED OKAPI

One of many characteristically African species that will be recorded for the future through Carl Akeley's work in the American Museum of Natural History

trend, and its method is becoming universal. It is an elaborate method, and an expensive method, and requires a tremendous lot of especial knowledge, of painstaking study, of creative imagination, of detailed, accurate pains in order to have any value at all. For—and here is the point I would emphasize—unless the observer is transported bodily into an actual and accurate replica of natural conditions, the job is not worth doing at all. If from his contemplation of the “group” he gets a false impression we might just as well save all our trouble and expense and leave him to enjoy his own false impression evolved by his own imagination. For that the tanned skin or the head on the wall will be quite sufficient.

Now a true impression can only be gained through a multitude of accurate small details. The sum total is made up of those small details. Many of them, even a majority of them, may be noticed only subconsciously; nevertheless each has its effect. Every artist, in any material whatever, knows this. And every deviation, no matter how slight, from absolute accuracy has its effect. It may be only a very slight and subtle effect, but it is real; and the sum total of a number of them will allow room for the same *kind* of false impression as obtains when the beholder is forced to use his imaginative powers on a slender basis.

Which brings me to the point of what I am writing about. Mr. Akeley tells me that in the preparation of these African groups two procedures are contemplated. One is to send the background artists, and those who are to arrange the details of the foregrounds, to Africa, there to gather not only the actual physical materials for their effects but also to study at first hand the African landscapes, the quality of the light and shadow and atmosphere—in short, to get the personal impression. The other is to gather the physical materials, send them to New York and permit the artists to work from careful photographs. The latter is, of course, much the less expensive. I



## THE MAKING OF A MUSEUM

sincerely hope that it will not therefore be adopted. A true effect can never be obtained by working through photographs; never! Any creative artist will tell you that. If the thing is to be worth spending money on at all it must be because it conveys as near a reality as possible. Otherwise, as I said a moment ago, why not content ourselves with a correlation of our menagerie, our heads and skins, our motion pictures and our descriptive writings?

No; if the thing is to be done at the present time it should be done at first hand. Otherwise it would be better, very much better, to save this priceless material for a more propitious moment. We should now begin to look on animal groups in a first-class museum not merely as a "show" to amuse as many people as possible but as a sincere attempt to fix a reality for time to come, and to extend the actual experience of consciousness. If we cannot do it right we should not do it at all. Such groups are a record of conditions that will probably pass but must certainly modify. We should get them accurate or keep our hands off them entirely. That is our only excuse for the expenditure either of time or money or skill or of animal life. We are well beyond the "stuffed head" idea: we should be getting beyond the "side show" idea.

It is no good arguing that the public wants attractive entertainment, and that as far as the general effect is concerned they do not know whether it is exactly right in finicky little details or not, and do not care. That isn't the point. The point is that we are purporting to exhibit the thing *as it is*; and in so purporting we have assumed an obligation. It is a matter of artistic conscience. And we are building for the future as well as for the present. Let's not remain in the "stuffed head" category if we can help it.



Courtesy of Field Museum, Chicago

AFRICAN BUFFALO EXHIBIT





"THE THREE SPEARMEN," By Carl Akeley

One spearman has thrown and missed, the second stands ready to throw, and the third kneels with drawn sword, prepared to meet the oncoming beast in mid-air if need be. This group and the two lions opposite will stand facing each other at the entrance of African Hall



## FRICAN HALL ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖

### A Monument to Primitive Africa

BY CARL AKELEY

*Photographs Courtesy American Museum of Natural History, New York*

A man who has had the privilege of traveling in little-known regions of the earth is often called upon to share the knowledge he has gained. Lovers of nature, scientists, sportsmen, teachers, camera men, artists—even manufacturers and newspaper men—come to me week after week, month after month, year after year, with questions about Africa. The African Hall of the American Museum of Natural History in New York is to be, as far as it is humanly possible to make it, the answer to their questions. Through a series of habitat groups, African Hall will present a synopsis primarily of African mammalian fauna, secondarily of African bird life, flora and topography. A great museum exhibition, artistic in form, permanent in construction, faithful to the scenery and the wild life of the continent it portrays, it will bring Africa to New York, and to America.

When I came back from Africa in 1911, my mind saturated with the beauty and the wonder of the continent I had left, I was dreaming of African Hall. I am always dreaming dreams. Many of them have been forgotten.

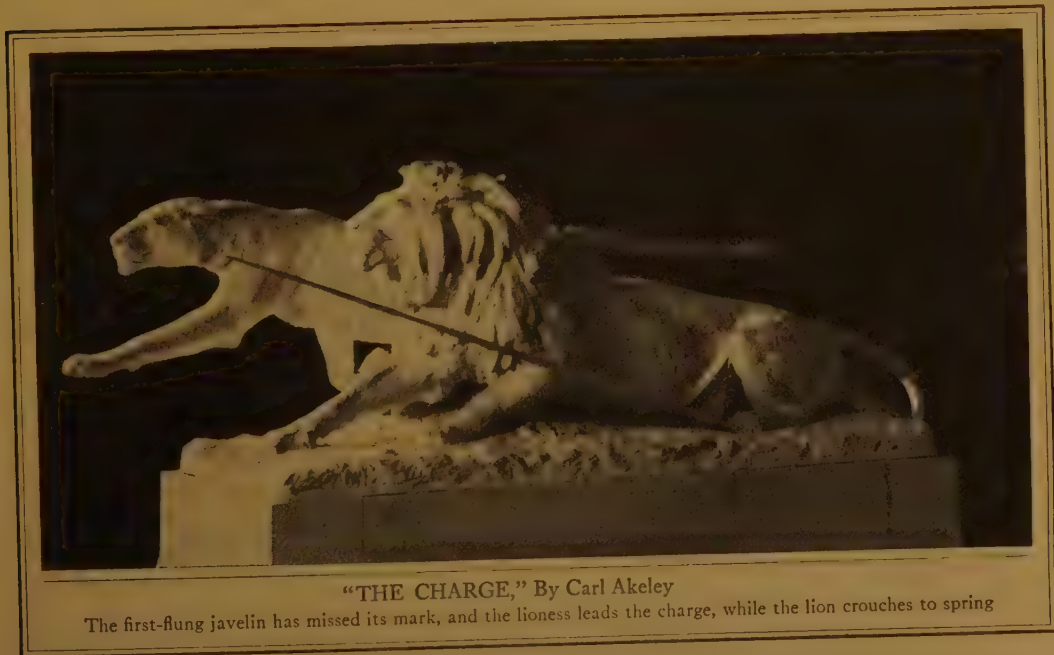


## AFRICAN HALL

But the dream of African Hall lived to become the inspiration and the unifying purpose of my work. By 1912 my ideas were sufficiently defined to be laid before President Henry Fairfield Osborn and the trustees of the American Museum of Natural History, who approved them for immediate execution. Work was actually to begin on September 1, 1914. Then in August, soon after the invasion of Belgium, the trustees decided to postpone the undertaking for a few months until the trouble in Europe was over. The months stretched into years, and African Hall remained a structure on paper.

Meanwhile I have gone ahead as best I could, mounting the animals already collected and perfecting plans and methods. In his annual report of the American Museum for 1922, President Osborn called for a gift or a special endowment to finance African Hall, stressing this as the most pressing need of the institution. Now, through the generosity of Mr. George Eastman and Mr. Daniel E. Pomeroy, five of the large groups are to be provided for African Hall. Before this article is published I shall be on my way to Africa, this time accompanied by artists and taxidermists, happy in the knowledge that my years of preparation are ended and my big work actually begun.

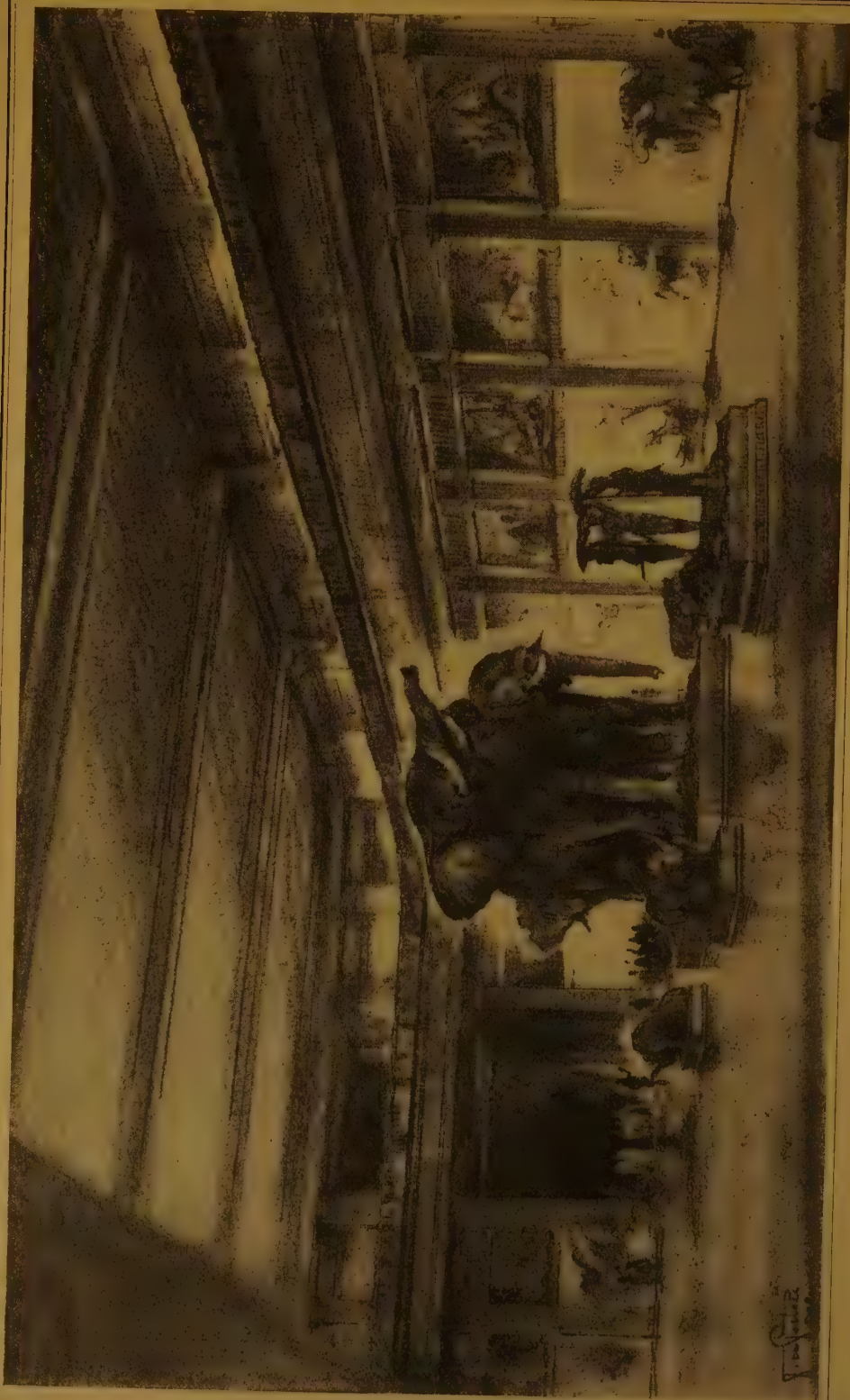
African Hall will be housed in a section of the American Museum that has been especially designed to provide for it a setting that is beautiful yet unobtrusive. Spaciousness and simplicity must be its keynotes. Broad entrances at either end will lead into a vast open hall, free from distracting architectural ornamentation and unobstructed by exhibition cases or supporting columns. The walls of this central hall will be largely glass, through



"THE CHARGE," By Carl Akeley

The first-flung javelin has missed its mark, and the lioness leads the charge, while the lion crouches to spring

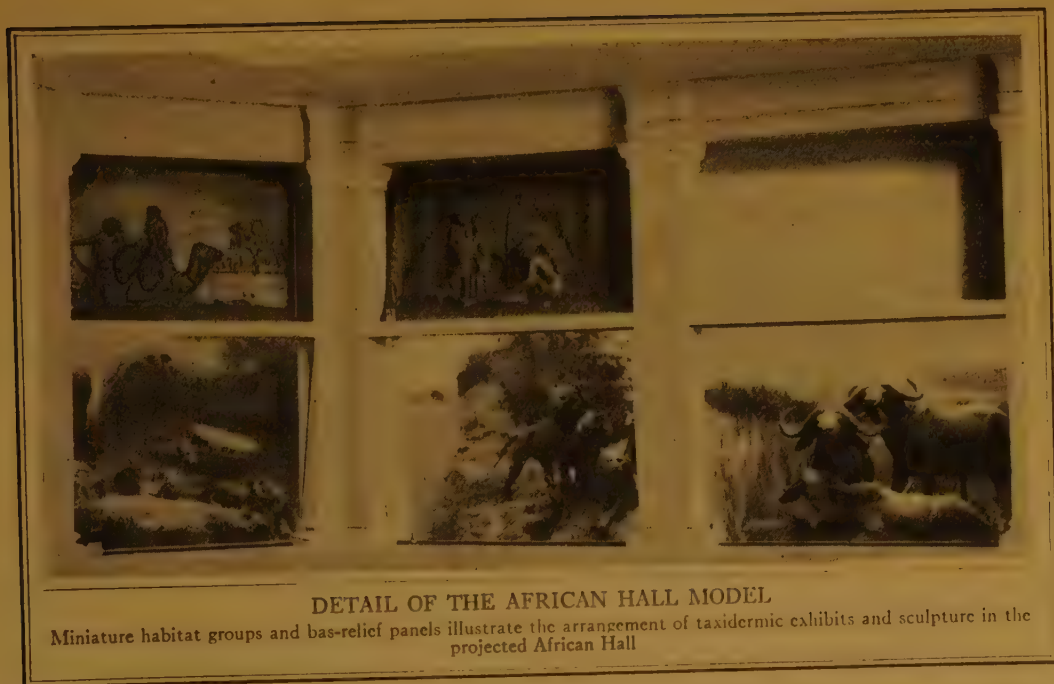




SKETCH OF AFRICAN HALL MODEL

A view from the main entrance, showing the placing of the elephants, the rhinos, and "The Requiem" bronze in the central open space, the arrangement of habitat groups in lighted compartments outside of the hall proper, and the frieze of bas-relief panels running around the hall just below the balcony





which the African habitat groups, installed in an alleyway or annex, may be viewed from the ground level and from a balcony. Thanks to modern methods of taxidermy, we shall be able to present the birds and beasts of Africa in such lifelike attitudes and amid such natural surroundings as will convey to the thousands who visit the American Museum a truthful conception of that glorious continent.

We can say without reservation that these preparations are permanent—permanent to a degree only dreamed of within recent years. We have learned to treat the skin of hairless animals, like the elephants and rhinos, in such a way that they may be mounted to be as enduring as bronze and so may be exhibited without covering of glass. The other animal groups with their painted backgrounds and accessories made largely of wax cannot be thus exposed, but by placing these groups in two hermetically sealed alleyways on either side of, but practically outside, the hall they too may be protected from changing atmospheric conditions and excessive light. Each group will be, in fact, within an individual compartment, allowed to “breathe” only the air of the alleyway, which will be filtered, dried and kept at a uniform temperature. Artificial light will be used in these alleyways, because of the fading effect of the sun’s rays and, since the exhibits are to be viewed from a relatively dark hallway, a minimum of illumination will be required.

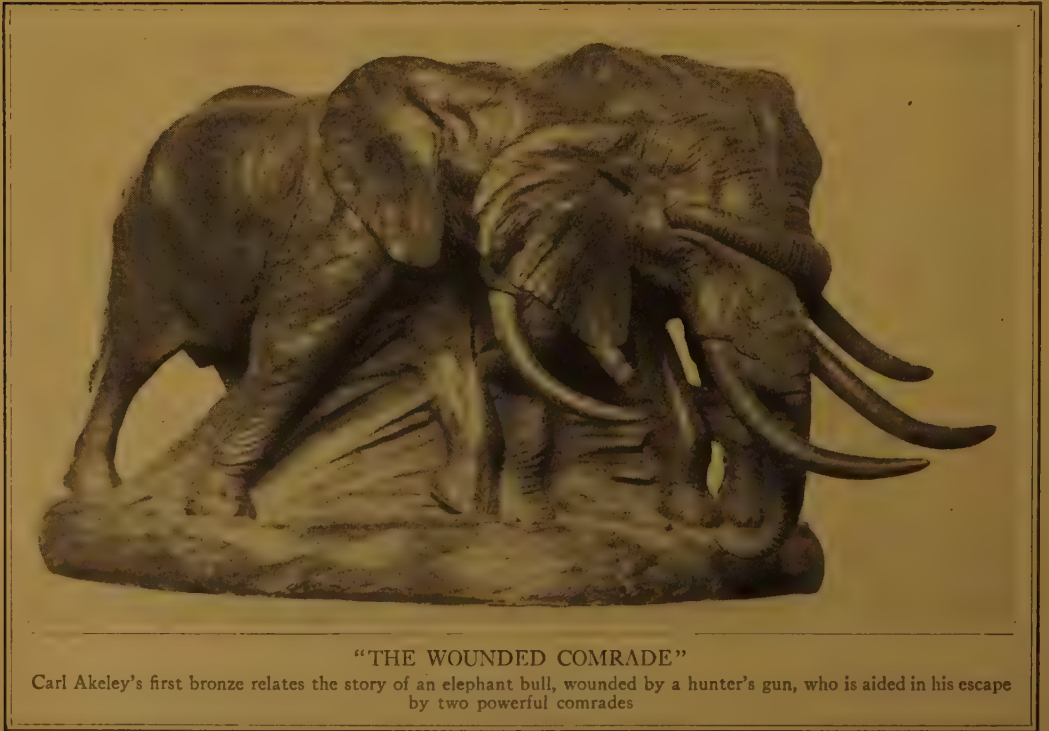
Perhaps I have already hinted at the significance of African Hall in saying that it comes as an answer to the questions of all kinds of people. Years ago I conquered the fear that I was wasting my life on something that was not worth while. I am convinced that museum exhibition is playing a



## AFRICAN HALL

vital part in modern education and therefore that the work I have chosen is important. The circus and the zoölogical park may serve to tell the American schoolboy what African animals look like, but they can do little more. Animals in captivity are broken in spirit and changed in habit. The stiff and awkward specimens which used to stand in rows according to size on musty, dusty museum shelves are nowadays finding their way to the dump. In their places we are putting mounted animals that have most of the attributes of their jungle brothers except sound and motion. Modeled by men who have studied and observed them in their natural state and standing in habitual poses amid accessories that simulate their jungle home, they create an illusion of reality. In them is sketched in visual form a biography of untouched Africa.

It is altogether fitting that the elephant should dominate African Hall. He is not only typical of Africa but he is also the largest land mammal in the world to-day and one of the most splendid of all animals of the past or present. I have mounted four of these great pachyderms—a cow taken by Theodore Roosevelt, a calf shot by his son Kermit and an old bull and a husky young bull of my own—in a statuesque group to stand in the center of the hall. I have chosen to represent these elephants in that moment when, disturbed in their natural pursuits, they pause to consider before taking action. The intelligence of the beast in planning his course, the use of ears and trunk to catch sound and wind, the protective instinct of the mother,



"THE WOUNDED COMRADE"

Carl Akeley's first bronze relates the story of an elephant bull, wounded by a hunter's gun, who is aided in his escape by two powerful comrades



are all suggested by the grouping.

I have usually called this elephant group "The Alarm." Some enemy has come in sight through the forest. The bull has swung around to face the intruder. His ears are out. He lashes his trunk about, feeling for the wind and looking. At his side the old cow pauses perfectly motionless—"frozen," we hunters say. Every muscle tense, she stands ready to charge or bolt, in that moment of indecision which is the danger point for her antagonist. The baby, conscious of the alarm, snuggles close to its mother. Startled by the commo-



"STUNG"

Such pieces of sculpture as this small bronze by Carl Akeley, which represents an elephant trampling a tree snake to death in retaliation for a bite on the trunk, will supplement the stories of the habitat groups in African Hall

tion, a young bull in the rear moves forward ready to whirl about to face the cause of the alarm. He, too, is "feeling for the wind" and throws his trunk backward in the direction of the trouble.

The other occupants of the open hall will be rhinoceroses, both black and white, less impressive figures than the elephants but no less characteristic of Africa. Except for bronzes at either end facing the main entrances, there will be nothing in the central hall to detract from the majesty of the elephants and the lumbering bulk of these rhinos.

As though through forty great windows visitors to African Hall will look out upon the forty complemental habitat groups, twenty of which will be viewed from the main floor, the other twenty from the balcony. The forty canvases used as backgrounds will be painted by the best artists available. Each will be an accurate portrayal of a definite type of African scenery, usually showing some historical spot or some geographical feature of importance—Mount Kenya on the equator, the Pyramids of Egypt, the place where Frederick Courteney Selous died at the head of his troops in the World War or the gorilla forests of the Kivu. Together these varied backgrounds will give a comprehensive idea of the topographical and the scenic aspects of Africa from the east coast to the west coast and from the Mediterranean on the north to Table Top Mountain at Cape Town.



## AFRICAN HALL

If African Hall were to be nothing more than a gallery of African landscapes I believe that it would be worth doing. Even to-day with Cook tourists cavorting about the jungle the popular conception persists of Africa as a country of horrible beasts, of natives thirsty for human blood and of gloomy, impenetrable forests. I cannot paint the beauty of Africa with words. My camera bears me out when I say that, instead of being the dark continent it is supposed to be, Africa is the garden spot of the world, but photographs, though they tell the truth, are inadequate because they lack perspective and the vitality that color gives. Time after time in my years in Africa I have brought myself up suddenly, overwhelmed by the splendor of the scene before me, full of regret that I was not a painter and had no painter there. One phase of my dream for African Hall will come true when I lead the two painters who are to accompany me in 1926 to such spots as that fairyland in the Parc National Albert where the gorillas live. There they may paint the backgrounds for the habitat groups of African Hall. These paintings, of course, must be the extreme of realism, in order that they may blend with no apparent break into the physically reproduced scenes of the foregrounds. If when they are finally in place they serve to controvert the "darkest Africa" myth and bring to others a faint degree of the satisfaction that the actual scenes have brought to me, in my opinion African Hall is justified.

However, these backgrounds are merely settings for the more important feature of the exhibit—the permanent record of African animal life. In the



ELEPHANTS NEAR LAKE PARADISE

Unconscious that they are acting leading rôles in one of Mr. Johnson's life history films the elephants follow their accustomed rocky trails and drink and bathe in the water holes that form a beadlike chain around Martin Johnson's lake





#### AN ORANG-UTAN GROUP

An early example of Mr. Akeley's taxidermy which served to arouse the interest of museum authorities in his methods of realistic presentation. The apes were mounted in lifelike attitudes; but with no background and with bare branches as the only accessories

foreground of each scene will be representative specimens of the animals of the region, mounted as nearly as possible as I have observed them in life. The great game animals in their natural environment of forest, plain, river or mountain will occupy the groups on the ground floor, while the smaller animals will be viewed from the gallery. The mounted specimens will combine to represent in the most comprehensive way the animal life of the continent. These groups will be composite—that is, as many species will be associated in each of them as is consistent with scientific fact. For example, one of the large corner groups will represent a scene on the equatorial river Tana, showing all told perhaps a dozen species. In the foreground on a sandbar in the river will be a group of hippos; across the stream and merging



## AFRICAN HALL

into the painted background a group of impalla come down to water; in the trees and on the sandbars of the farther bank are two species of monkeys common to the region; a crocodile and turtles bask in the sun near the hippos, and a few characteristic birds perch in the trees.

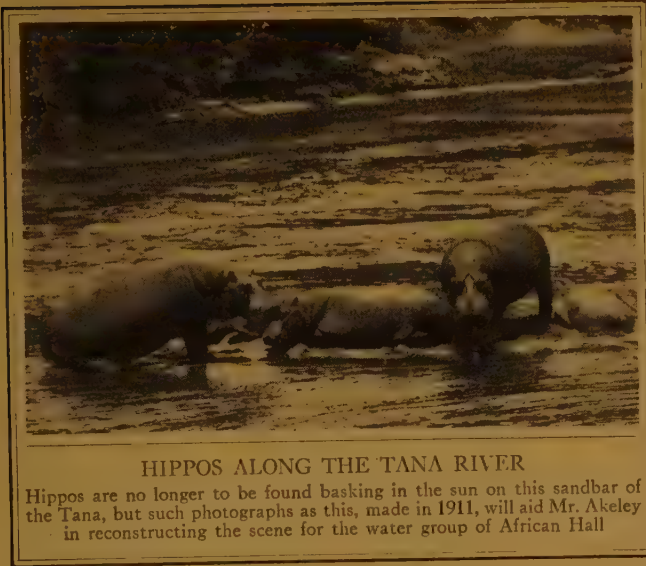
Especial opportunities for composite grouping are afforded by these four corner groups, the largest in the hall. Their painted backgrounds will extend from the floor to the ceiling, so that the groups may be viewed both from the main level and from the balcony. This makes it possible to show in the water group just described the animals that live on the sandbars of the Tana as well as in the trees along its banks. It will likewise enable us to present a desert waterfall surrounded by spindly palm trees and featuring that jungle skyscraper, the giraffe.

While the groups I have just described are still in prospect, a number of others of no less importance and interest are already completed or well under way. The elephants and rhinos are being exhibited in temporary quarters at



THREE OF THE GORILLA FAMILY FOR AFRICAN HALL

Three former inhabitants of the Kivu with wrinkled faces and great shaggy bodies, awaiting the setting and background which Carl Akeley's forthcoming expedition will bring them from their mountain home



the museum. A group showing lions and their young about a water hole at dawn has only to be moved into the new hall. An okapi is mounted and the gorilla family group awaits the painted scenic background that is to be brought back to them from their home in the Kivu mountains. On my forthcoming expedition material will be collected for the desert group, the plains group, a group of

water antelope, one of greater koodoo and one of buffalo.

African Hall could not be complete without some reference to the life of the African native, but limitations of time and space required that that subject be touched upon in only one phase; namely, the relation between human life and animal life. This theme is to be carried out through sculptured bronzes. Lion spearing, the great sport of the African native, is to me the most dramatic thing in all Africa. Bare-skinned natives, their bodies protected only by their rawhide shields and their handmade spears and swords, go out to provoke the charge of the jungle's fiercest warrior, the lion. I have told the story of their hunt in three life-sized groups. To the left of the entrance to the hall will be my three Nandi spearmen; to the right a pair of charging lions. The lioness leads the charge. The old lion has crouched to spring. One spearman has thrown and missed—his spear embedded in the earth at the lion's side. Taking aim, his spear balanced in the air, the second Nandi stands ready to throw. The third black man kneels with drawn sword prepared to meet the oncoming beast in mid-air if need be.

"The Requiem," to be placed just inside the main entrance of African Hall, concludes the lion-spearing story. The old lion lies dead at the feet of the three spearmen. Beneath the canopy of their shields, the victors chant a requiem to do honor to their fallen foes.

A frieze of bas-relief panels in bronze running around the entire lower floor just below the balcony is designed to carry on this same theme, each panel illustrating the life of some native tribe and its relation to the animal life of Africa. For instance, one panel will show a Dorobo family and their hut. The man is skinning a dead antelope, of especial significance since these people live entirely by hunting, and the beasts they kill are their sole source of food and clothing. Two hunting dogs in the panel are their only domestic



animals. Another panel may show a group in Somaliland with camels, sheep, goats, cattle and ponies at a water hole, the interest centered in domestic beasts. A hunting scene among the Midgans may be the subject of another of these bas-reliefs.

Bronzes will be used for yet another purpose in African Hall—to supplement the story of the taxidermic groups. I have many tales to tell of African animals but only so much can be told in a single taxidermic group and the preparation of such a group—the collecting of specimens and data, the modeling of the animals, the construction of the manikins, the painting of the background, the production of the accessories—takes months and years. I am able to put into small bronzes therefore much that I could not put into taxidermy, and these bronzes of elephants, gorillas, lions, buffalo and other jungle beasts will be exhibited together with pieces of similar character by other sculptors.

So much for African Hall as biography. By the time it is completed it will be more than that. It will be history. Many of the animals re-created there will have been exterminated, others will be changed in spirit and in habit by contact with civilization. Many of the scenes reproduced as vast stretches of untouched country will have given place to towns, villages and cultivated fields. As late as 1910 I casually counted two hundred hippos in a journey along the banks of the Tana River, their age-old habitat. In one herd at that time I saw as many as forty-seven. Now Martin Johnson, who is in Africa for the purpose of making motion pictures of wild life, writes me that the hippos are no longer there.

It is only twenty years since I saw my first klipspringer standing unafraid on a rocky *kopje* at the edge of the Lucania Hills in British East Africa, perhaps twenty miles from Nairobi. That klipspringer soon became a specimen in our collection and before we came down from the rock where he was shot we had taken two hyrax. It was an ideal spot for klipspringer and hyrax and they were there in abun-



SKETCH MODEL FOR MUSEUM WATER GROUP

To insure satisfactory results and economical production, every taxidermist group is perfected in miniature before work on the final group is begun



WATER BUCK IN A REGION WHERE THEY WERE ABUNDANT TWENTY YEARS  
AGO BUT ARE RARELY, IF EVER, SEEN NOW

dance. Mr. Percival, the ranger, advised us to kill as many as we could, since, in his belief, it was better that these animals should be preserved as specimens than to fall prey to the settlers who were then taking up the land. These klipspringers were of particular scientific interest since at that time they were supposed to be unique, the female having horns as well as the male, and we took thirteen for the Field Museum, an unpardonable number under ordinary conditions.

Inasmuch as the Lucania Hills are no longer a game country, I have never returned to them for specimens. For fifteen years this entire region has been cut up into farms. The plains animals are easy to take and had no chance to persist when the white man came in. So far as I can learn the klipspringers and reedbuck in that region have been exterminated and, if they are to be included in a corner group for African Hall as I have planned, will even now have to be hunted out in some adjacent but less accessible territory.

These are but two incidents in the long, sad story of the extermination of African wild life. Those of us who know the Africa of to-day may have but a faint conception of the Africa of fifty years ago. South Africa was then a land teeming with game, while the "hinterland" was untouched except by missionaries, ivory hunters and traders. It was only as the game fields of the south were exhausted that equatorial Africa was explored and exploited. Now the great game fields of Africa, north and south, are but a memory. Here and there in remote and congested regions modern hunters are finding game pockets which seem to contain an inexhaustible number of animals, but once one of these pockets is discovered and made known to the world the slaughter begins and the pocket is emptied.

"The game must go," is the cry of Africa. "This is no longer the world's



## AFRICAN HALL

zoo but an agricultural country." Unfortunately the beasts of the forest are communists. They have no sense of property rights; to them a tilled field is a strip of particularly delectable vegetation, an ideal feeding ground—nothing more.

The African farmer also charges that the game animals carry and spread the diseases of domestic stock. Add to the bands of hunters officially appointed to protect gardens and flocks those who kill for food, for gain and for "sport" and it becomes evident that the wild life of Africa is doomed.

It is as history that African Hall assumes greatest importance. Professor Henry Fairfield Osborn has said, "We paleontologists alone realize that in Africa the remnants of all the royal families of the Age of Mammals are making their last stand, that their backs are up against the pitiless wall of what we call civilization. Human rights are triumphing over animal rights, and it would be hard to determine which rights are really superior or most worthy to survive."

Two hundred years from now naturalists and scientists will find in such museum exhibits as African Hall the only existent records of some of the animals which to-day we are able to photograph and study in their forest environment.



AN AFRICAN IDYL

A herd of graceful impalla drinking at the water's edge suggest an effective treatment of the far bank of the river which will be represented in the water group for African Hall

## CARL AKELEY'S OWN STORY

**B**Y ALL the rules of the game I should have been a farmer, but for some reason or other I was always more interested in birds and chipmunks than in crops and cattle. About the time I was thirteen the "Youth's Companion" published an advertisement of a book on taxidermy which cost a dollar. The purchase of that book seemed needlessly extravagant, but I was able to borrow a copy from one of the older boys of the neighborhood. From it

I acquired sufficient knowledge to justify me in announcing to the world a new vocation. On a printed business card I stated that I did "artistic taxidermy in all its branches." To supplement my taxidermic booklore I went so far as to take a few painting lessons from a lady in Holley, New York, a village near my father's farm, in order that I might paint realistic backgrounds for my stuffed birds and animals. So far as I know, my early attempts in this direction were the first experiments with painted backgrounds for taxidermic groups. At least one of them is still in existence, but I have been a bit afraid to go see it.

In the fall of the year in which I was nineteen, after the crops were in, I set out to get a wider field for my activities. In the neighboring town of Brockport lived an Englishman named David Bruce, by calling a painter and interior decorator, whose hobby was taxidermy. To me it seemed that he led an ideal life, because his business left him sufficient leisure for his avocation. It had never occurred to me then that I might make my living at anything as fascinating as taxidermy, and so my ambition was to be employed by Bruce in his decorating business in order that I might also work with

him among his cases of stuffed birds and animals. He was kindly and cordial when I went to see him. Over an oyster stew which he bought for me he promised if I came with him to teach me all his trade secrets in painting and decorating. A glorious future seemed settled for me then and there. Mr. Bruce, however, had still another suggestion to make, one which made my prospects so favorable that they almost terrified me. He said that he thought I ought to go to a place

where taxidermy would be my real job and told me of Ward's Natural Science Establishment, a famous institution in Rochester, which at that time and for years afterward was supplying the best museums of this country with collections of mounted specimens and other natural history objects. Professor Ward's establishment was the headquarters of taxidermy in America.

That night I hardly slept a wink. I had determined upon a great venture. Early the next morning I was up and walked three miles to the railway station to catch a train for Rochester. I traversed most of the streets of Rochester, my courage sinking

lower and lower, before I finally found the great arch made of the jaws of a sperm whale, which marked the entrance to the establishment, and once on its threshold I was so overcome with awe that I had to walk a mile or so back and forth to screw up nerve to ring the professor's bell. Then I was ushered into an elaborately furnished room to wait while the professor finished his breakfast. It was a long time since I had eaten mine, and that fact seemed to increase my disadvantage in his presence. Not even when a leopard sprang on me in Africa have I



Courtesy American Museum of Natural History, New York

CARL AKELEY



had a worse moment than when this busy, brusque little man snapped out, "What do you want?"

My last vestige of professional pride clung to my printed business card, and without a word I handed him this evidence of my skill and art as a taxidermist. The card seemed to justify my belief in it, for the great man asked me when I could go to work and offered me the munificent sum of three dollars and fifty cents a week. I discovered a boarding house where I could get my room and meals for four dollars a week, and on this basis I began to learn the art of taxidermy and to run through my slender resources.

It did not take me long to find out that the profession that I had chosen as the most satisfying and stimulating to man's soul was neither scientific nor artistic as it was then practiced at Ward's. We used a process that was simplicity itself. To mount a deer, for instance, the skin, which had been treated with salt, alum and arsenical soap, was hung upside down, the bones replaced in the legs and the body stuffed with straw. Then to thin the body at any point, we sewed through it with a long needle and drew it in. Needless to say, the creatures resulting were awkward, stilted and unnatural. There was no opportunity to carry out my dream of animals mounted in characteristic attitudes, grouped among leaves and branches before a realistic painted background.

I remember very well my disappointment when on one occasion I attempted to do something a little better. A zebra was brought into the establishment. Realizing that one must understand animal anatomy in order to make lifelike mountings I had been studying bones and muscles and asked permission to make a plaster cast of the zebra's body. I had to do it on my own time and worked from supper until breakfast, following out a few special experiments of my own in the process, only to have my casts thrown on the dump when morning came and the zebra handed out to be stuffed in the usual way.

Although I did not realize it then, I can now understand that crude methods were forced upon the taxidermists of that time by the fact that no one would pay for better work. Museums then were interested exclusively in the collection of scientific data. They preferred bird skins to bird groups and wired skeletons to mammal groups, and cared little for exhibitions that would appeal to the public. Professor Ward had to set a price on his work that the museums would pay.

It was a difficult matter in those days to combat the prevalent notion that taxidermy was of no importance and to have faith in the possibility of its development as an art. In fact, I almost deserted taxidermy to become a professor. William Morton Wheeler, one of my associates at Ward's, had left and was teaching in the high school in Milwaukee. To assist me in continuing an education that had early been interrupted because of lack of funds he offered to tutor me if I would come out there. So I went to Milwaukee and got a job with the museum, which was to give me food and lodging while I prepared for college. It did more than that,



Courtesy of the Milwaukee Public Museum

#### MUSKRAT GROUP OF THE MILWAUKEE MUSEUM

The first of a series of groups of fur-bearing animals, suggested and executed by Carl Akeley in the days when museum animals were stuffed like dolls and exhibited in a row on shelves

for it so absorbed me that I gave up all thought of abandoning taxidermy. I stayed eight years in Milwaukee, working in the museum and in a shop of my own.

Several things happened there that stimulated my interest in taxidermy. One of the directors had been to Lapland and had collected the skin of a reindeer, a Laplander's sled and the driving paraphernalia, and he was anxious to have these shown in the museum. This material we turned into a group of a Laplander driving a reindeer over the snow. That was fairly successful, and we induced the museum to buy a set of skins of orang-utans which Charles F. Adams had collected in Borneo. We arranged them in a group, using some bare branches as accessories.

The reindeer and orang-utan work encouraged me to suggest a series of groups of the fur-bearing animals of Wisconsin. This



Courtesy of Field Museum of Natural History, Chicago

## SPRING



Courtesy of Field Museum of Natural History, Chicago

## SUMMER

The seasonal deer groups, made in Mr. Akeley's own shop and subsequently sold to the Field Museum, were his first pre-tentious work. Four years were required for their completion, inasmuch as it was necessary for Mr. Akeley as he went along to devise his own methods for the construction of manikins and for the production of such accessories as artificial snow, moss or leaves. They represent the period of greatest development in taxidermic method





Courtesy of Field Museum of Natural History, Chicago

#### AUTUMN

suggestion was more tolerated than countenanced when it was first made, but before I left I finished the muskrat group, as I did most of my early experiments, in spite of the opposition of the authorities.

Wheeler, who had urged me to go to Milwaukee, was also the cause of my leaving. He had become a director of the museum and while abroad in that capacity had a talk with Sir William Flower of the British Museum, in which Flower intimated that he would like me to come there. So I planned to quit Milwaukee and go to London. However, I got no farther than Chicago. As I was passing through that city I happened into the Field Museum, then housed in the old art gallery of the Columbian Exposition. Professor Daniel G. Eliot, the curator of zoölogy, offered me some taxidermy contracts on the spot and I accepted. While I was doing them he suggested that I go with him on an expedition to Africa. We started in 1896.

Those years in Milwaukee and in Chicago were decisive ones for me. The acceptance by officials of the two museums of my idea of realistic presentation, as set forth in the Laplander and orang-utan groups, had set-

tled it for all time that I was to remain a taxidermist. When I returned from that expedition into Somaliland with Dr. Eliot I had determined upon Africa as the country whose superb animals I would re-create through museum groups for the benefit of the American public. I was so bewitched by the beauty and splendor of Africa that it seemed to me inconceivable then that I would not immediately return. However, as chief of the Department of Taxidermy of the Field Museum, I had an arduous task to complete in this country. The material we had collected was to be mounted more or less in accordance with the new ideals of taxidermy, but the mechanical details of that process were still to be perfected and in some cases devised. It was nine years before I was again free to return to Africa, but in that period the greatest development of my taxidermic methods took place, the work we were doing in Chicago was recognized by other museums; and our methods, now in universal use, began to be adopted generally.

To do taxidermy by the new method a man must first be a field man, able to collect his own specimens; must know animal anatomy and clay modeling, and must have



Courtesy of Field Museum of Natural History, Chicago

## WINTER

enough artistic sense to make his groups pleasing as well as accurate. Then he must learn to make the manikin upon which the skin is mounted. I encountered many difficulties before I finally hit upon a simple process of manikin making. Briefly described, this is my perfected method:

The first step is the construction of a rough armature, usually of wood and wire, upon which I make a life-sized clay model of the animal to be mounted. The modeling is done almost as carefully as if it were to be cast in bronze. At this stage I check the accuracy of the model by measurements made in the field, by photographs, and by "trying on" the tanned skin itself. The second step is to take a plaster mold of the clay model which can be handled in sections. Each section of the mold is then lined with glue, over which is laid a sheet of muslin. On top of the muslin are placed several layers of wire cloth and papier-mâché, each layer worked carefully into every crevice of the mold. A coat of shellac makes each layer impervious to moisture and the reinforced papier-mâché is light and durable. When the last coat of shellac is thoroughly dry the whole thing is immersed in water, the glue melts and the sections of the manikin come out of the mold,

ready to be assembled in a clean and perfect replica of the original clay model. Finally the skin is drawn over the manikin, to which it is carefully cemented, the eyes are set and other "finishing" details given attention. Then the animal is ready to take its place among the fellows that comprise the group in a scenic setting of painted background and reproduced foreground.

When I went to British East Africa in 1905 my chief purpose was to make the acquaintance of the African elephant. I found him the most fascinating of all wild animals and returned to America with the material necessary to record permanently in a museum group what I had been able to learn about him. "The Fighting Bulls" in the entrance hall of the Field Museum was the result of this expedition.

For two years before my departure in 1905 I had been developing ideas for a noteworthy museum exhibit to be housed in the proposed new building of the Field Museum. However, the untimely death of Mr. Marshall Field made necessary a number of changes in the plans for the new building and among other things my halls were eliminated. Feeling therefore that for the present I had fulfilled my opportunities in Chicago, I pro-





Courtesy American Museum of Natural History, New York

#### A DEAD LIONESS

A taxidermist must also be a field man. The picture above shows Carl Akeley with one of the lionesses selected for the African Hall lion group

posed an African elephant group to the American Museum of Natural History in New York. The proposal was accepted and in 1909 I again took up the elephant trail, this time on the slopes of Mount Kenya and in Uganda.

I had almost completed my elephant studies, had rested a bit while I enjoyed a hunt for lions with a band of Nandi spearmen, and was about to turn my attention to a work I had long anticipated—the study of the gorilla—when a sagacious old bull elephant, tired of being hunted, turned hunter himself and rudely interrupted my activities by using me as a prayer mat. After that encounter I spent several months in bed with nothing to do but think. Perhaps the time was not entirely wasted, however, for I returned to America with a new conception—a dream for a great African Hall which should permanently record the fast-disappearing wild life of Africa.

Toward the realization of that dream all my subsequent effort has been directed. The statuesque group of four elephants, my first taxidermic work on my return, was designed as the central figure for the proposed hall. My postponed expedition into the gorilla

country of the Kivu, when undertaken in 1921, took on added interest because it served not only to furnish scientific data about the most important yet least known of the man-like apes but also to enable me to make studies and secure material for another habitat group for African Hall.

My sculpture also has been stimulated by my dream of African Hall. I had always had the itch in my palm and the urge in my brain to become a sculptor, but at the same time I had the common sense to realize that even though I were to attain success as a sculptor I could never contribute to sculpture with its established traditions what I might contribute to taxidermy. In the days when my first enthusiasm for taxidermy faded and I began to realize that the work in which I saw such infinite possibility was then little more than a trade I pledged myself never to play with sculpture until I could honestly feel that I had made taxidermy an art.

By 1912 I was convinced that although the taxidermist might not be accepted as an artist he was required to have all the qualities of the sculptor plus much else. He must have not only the sculptor's ability to model, knowledge of anatomy and appre-



Courtesy American Museum of Natural History, New York

### MR. AKELEY AND THE LEOPARD HE KILLED BARE-HANDED

Mr. Akeley came to grips with a leopard during his first expedition in Africa in 1896 and fought the animal to a finish in a mortal hand-to-claw combat. This picture, which Mr. Akeley has called by the grim title "First and Second Money," was taken shortly after the engagement



ciation of form but, after making his studies in the field, he must also be able through actual knowledge or experience to supervise the task of caring for the skin of his specimen. Not half a dozen men in the country to-day can do that in a way that insures the best taxidermic conditions. In addition he must be a master of manikin making, of mounting the skin and of giving it its finishing touches. If a sculptor had that technical skill which would enable him, after his modeling is done, to cast his own work first in plaster, then in bronze, a parallel might be drawn between him and the taxidermist. I have frequently said that to give up taxidermy and to devote my time to sculpture would be to *stop using eighty per cent* of my stock in trade.

I had been modeling for years. Friends had frequently admired my little sketch models and urged me to put them in bronze,

but I had never felt justified in doing so. Now the time came when it seemed to me necessary to speak to the patrons of art in their own language. I wanted to make them see that African Hall, a monument to the passing wild life of Africa, was as truly worthy of their support as any project in marble or on canvas.

I set to work upon "The Wounded Comrade." This first bronze made its appeal. Through it friends of the museum and others were led to see the artistic possibilities in taxidermy, and in recognition of it I was made a member of the American Sculpture Society. Nevertheless, I have done comparatively few bronzes. I like to think that that is because I had decided not to make bronzes unless I had a real story to tell.

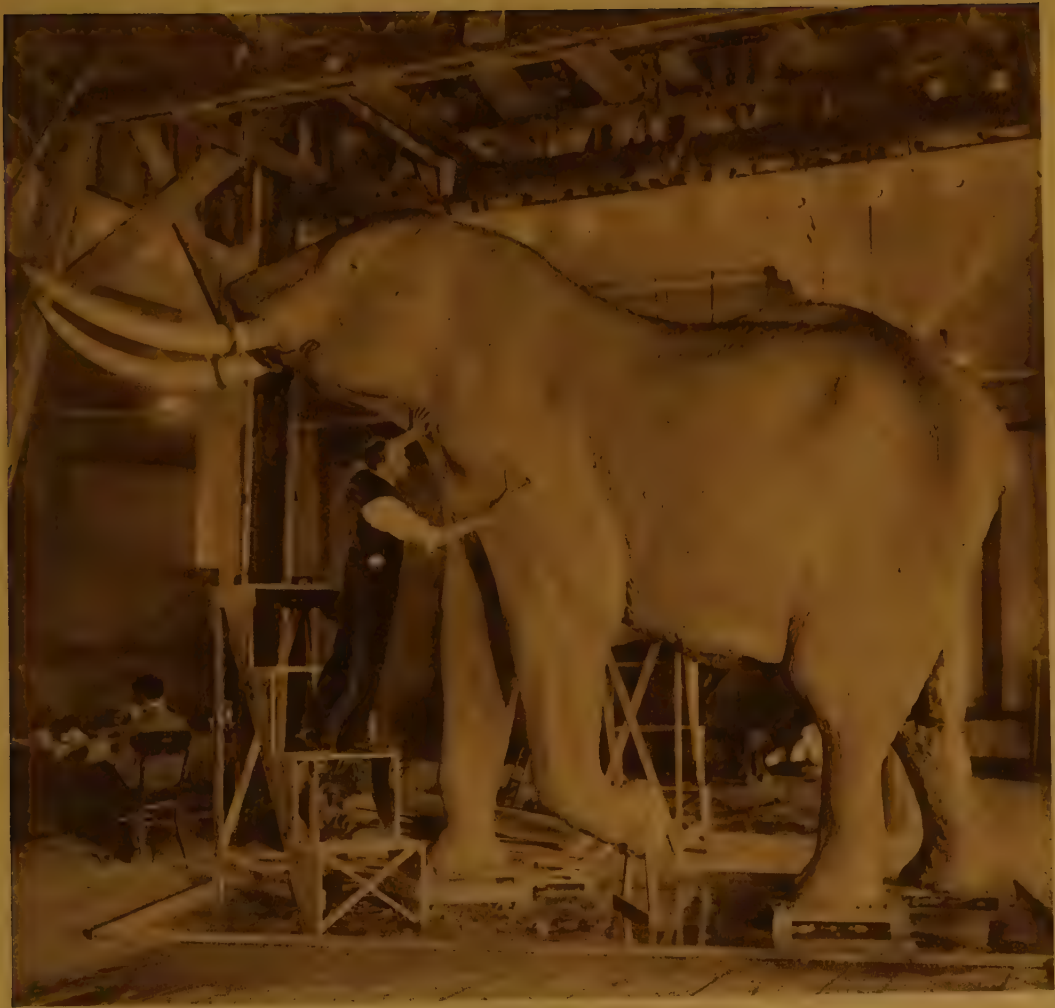
A taxidermist necessarily makes haste slowly, for his work requires infinite patience and painstaking care. The modeling of the



Courtesy American Museum of Natural History, New York

#### IN THE FIELD

Mr. Akeley mounted on his favorite donkey, Sykes



Courtesy American Museum of Natural History, New York

#### A LIFE-SIZE MODEL IN CLAY

A scene in Mr. Akeley's "elephant studio" when he was at work upon an old bull, the leading figure in the elephant group for African Hall

four elephants for my central group and the subsequent technical work pertaining to the manikin making and mounting would normally have taken several years. The intervention of the war prolonged this task still further. Our Government in its war work found use for two of my inventions, both by-products of my main line of endeavor. The first, the cement-gun, a device for handling liquid cements in concrete construction, had resulted from my experiments with a compressed-air spray for manikin making. The second, a motion picture camera especially designed for wild animal photography, I had developed after the disappointing discovery that the conventional camera was too slow to be of use in the field. All my time during

the years of the war was devoted to mechanical research and investigation, and since then the completion of the elephant group and other taxidermy, sculpture and a fourth African expedition have kept me from being idle. I have never lost sight of the plan for African Hall. Every animal taken in Africa, all my sculpture and all my mounted specimens have been designed to fit into its scheme.

To-day I am again preparing to enter Africa. The forthcoming expedition means more to me than any that have gone before, not merely because it enables me to return to the country I love, but especially because it is the actual beginning of African Hall—the realization of my fondest dream.





Courtesy American Museum of Natural History, New York

CARL AKELEY, THE INVENTOR, WITH ONE OF THE FIRST MODELS OF HIS MOTION  
PICTURE CAMERA



MR. AND MRS. JOHNSON—The Two Principal Members of the Field Staff of the Martin Johnson African Expedition

Mrs. Johnson handles her gun and her camera almost as skillfully and fearlessly as her husband. Their Akeley cameras have been especially designed for their particular needs, are equipped with a complete assortment of lenses and have the unique feature of making slow and normal speed pictures simultaneously

## MARTIN JOHNSON AND HIS CAMERA

HIS PHOTOGRAPHIC RECORDS WILL MAKE PEOPLE SEE AND FEEL AFRICA

BY D. G. ROSS

*Photographs Courtesy American Museum of Natural History, New York*

MARTIN JOHNSON is now in Africa to hunt game with a camera rather than with a gun. On an uncharted lake near the northern border of Kenya Colony, across the Kaisoot Desert from Nairobi, he has built a fully equipped motion picture laboratory out of logs, grass, mud and boards from his packing boxes. There, with the African out-of-doors as his setting, with the beasts of the jungle as his actors and with Mrs. Johnson as assistant director, he is at work upon a spectacular feature film that will be an epic of wild life in Africa.

"It is my great ambition to make a picture of Africa as it is—a photographic record so complete, so vivid, so steeped in the atmosphere of the country that those who view it may see and feel Africa," Martin Johnson stated before his departure in 1924. "With

my delicate motion picture apparatus I am confident that I can photograph the wild creatures in such a way that their every habit will be clear. Unconscious of my presence they will be natural and unafraid, not indicating by so much as the flicking of an ear that they are before the camera."

Martin Johnson hopes to leave Africa without killing animals, although he realizes that there will be times when he may be forced to use his gun in self-defense or for food. Already he has found that most of the game animals may be frightened and turned, if need be, by the simple expedient of shouting and yelling and, since he is doing them no harm, they are permitting him to come closer and closer to photograph them.

Thirty years ago, when Carl Akeley started to Africa for the first time, the camera was



considered something of an encumbrance to a scientific expedition and was included in the equipment of the party with a good deal of hesitancy and doubt. To-day Martin Johnson's five-year expedition, the sole purpose of which is photography, has the endorsement of the American Museum of Natural History. Usually when a camera man has gone into the field under the auspices of a scientific institution he has been at a disadvantage because his picture making has been incidental to the work of the party as a whole. The collecting done by the mammalogist, the ornithologist and the paleontologist has been the first objective of the party, and the motion picture man has had to content himself with a hit-and-miss collection of shots taken at random along the trail. He has been a sort of news-reel photographer, recording the high lights in the life of the expedition but with no time to plan and photograph a feature of his own. In Martin Johnson's case the situation is reversed. Motion pictures of wild animals in their natural state are the subjects desired, and if he deems it wise to spend every night for two weeks in exactly the same spot in order to make flashlights of rhinos as they come down to water there will be nothing to prevent his doing so.

Moreover, Martin Johnson knows Africa and what may be photographed there. He has drawn the synopses of his features accordingly. The trustees of the Martin Johnson African Corporation are friends of Africa and of science. They are entirely in sympathy with Mr. Johnson's desire to make truthful pictures; they are confident that an honest film record of the life of the jungle will

contain all the excitement necessary for popular appeal, and they are financing Martin Johnson partially at least as a protest against faked natural history films.

Martin Johnson literally grew up with the camera. When he was only thirteen his father brought him one of the first kodaks from the World's Columbian Exposition. Later Mr. Johnson took the agency for the Eastman Company, so that Martin had the



MARTIN JOHNSON

opportunity to become familiar with each improved model as it was placed on the market. Seeking a broader field for his photographic work he succeeded in attaching himself in the capacity of cook to the party that Jack London took aboard the *Snark* into the South Seas in 1903. It was when the *Snark* touched as one of the South Sea Islands, where two French motion picture operators were at work, that Johnson saw his first motion picture camera. These operators were tired of their job and glad to put their apparatus into Johnson's hands. Since that time he has spent seventeen years in the tropics as "the man behind the camera" and the pictures that he has brought back from the Solomon Islands, Borneo, the New Hebrides and central Africa

have proved that he has no superior in wild-life cinematography.

"Lake Paradise" Mrs. Johnson named the beautiful little lake which she and her husband discovered on their previous African trip and which they have now selected as a site for their base camp because of the variety and abundance of its game. It lies in the crater of an extinct volcano surrounded by rocky cliffs that sometimes reach a height of five hundred feet and are masked by tangled vines and moss-covered trees. A dozen



THE MARTIN JOHNSON PARTY ON SAFARI

*Safari* is the native term for hunting and exploring expeditions in Africa



THE MARTIN JOHNSON EXPEDITION IN CAMP





MRS. MARTIN JOHNSON BRINGS DOWN A TROUBLESOME RHINOCEROS

narrow paths, so steep that their ascent is difficult for man, trail around these precipitous banks and are frequented by buffalo, rhino and even by elephants. An enormous game trail, a hundred yards wide, worn down by the passing of countless herds, affords the only easy approach to the level of the water. At the top of the cliff on a semi-desert plateau Johnson and his sixty black boys have constructed his house, his laboratory, a shop for his lighting plant, storerooms, a kitchen and a garage, all surrounded by a big stockade *boma* as a protection against dangerous game.

Already Mr. Johnson's first life-history film is on its way back to America. He had planned to give the game of the Paradise region an opportunity to become accustomed to his newly erected buildings while he made photographic studies of neighboring tribes, but even before his log houses were completed the elephants were so close that they seemed to beg to be photographed. Each night he recognized a herd of five that came together to water, a mother with a very little

*toto*, and an old bull with broken tusks, who always tried to take the trail blockaded by the Johnsons' *boma* and who screamed and snorted to indicate his resentment before he gave up and went back into the forest. And so old Tembo, the elephant, is the hero of Mr. Johnson's first feature. With the aid of his long-focus lenses he has been able to include in it pictures of an elephant bull so close that the head and tusks fill the screen and of an elephant baby nursing and running in and out between its mother's feet, playfully catching her legs with its little trunk as she walks.

On a trip to the edge of the plains for grass to roof his buildings Mr. Johnson made a great part of this elephant film. Three elephant cows and a young bull were on the ground before the Johnson *safari*. They, too, were gathering grass, throwing it over themselves, grazing and now and then pulling up a young tree. Unobserved by the elephants Martin Johnson set up his tripod on a peninsula of land formed by a sharp turn in

the *donga*, or valley, where they were feeding and was calmly rolling out foot after foot of splendid film when Mrs. Johnson sounded the alarm of a grass fire behind them.

The fire was rushing down upon their peninsula in grass as high as their heads with the roar and speed of a locomotive. Instantly their retreat was cut off. The scorching heat swept them before it to the tip of the peninsula. On came the blaze until the Johnsons had no recourse but to roll down the cliff and take their chance with the elephants. Occasional grassy shelves broke their fall and saved their necks and cameras. The startled elephants whirled to face them and for a second stood threatening them with ears spread and trunks out. Then sensing the heat and roar of the fire they stiffened their tails and fled up the opposite cliff of the *donga*.

With the *donga* between them and the fire the elephant herd settled down for a sleep in the shade, and Johnson, following them, made a picture which tells the story of a day in the life of an elephant. It shows their midday

siesta, when one went to sleep resting his tusks on another's back; their feeding time, when they stripped the tender leaves from the trees with their trunks, and finally their stampede and retreat into the forest when they caught his wind.

Twice in that day, once when he was dumped into the *donga* with the elephants and again when they stampeded, the average white man, whether or not he was hunting for elephants, would have considered it necessary to fire in self-defense. Martin Johnson is a student of animal nature. He believes that so-called wild beasts are good-tempered unless they are tormented or frightened by man, and he is cool-headed enough in an emergency to act in accordance with his conviction. From a man of such courage and experience, equipped with the most complete motion picture apparatus ever taken into the field and unhampered by affiliations with purely financial interests, the world may expect an outstanding accomplishment in the field of motion pictures.



#### MR. JOHNSON "FILMING" NATIVE TYPES WITH THE AKELEY CAMERA

At the close of Mr. Akeley's expedition, his motion picture camera—invented for the special purpose of photographing wild life—was sold to Martin Johnson in Africa and used by Mr. Johnson in making pictures of big game





#### MERU WARRIORS IN GALA ATTIRE

Martin Johnson proposes to make motion picture records of native customs as well as of wild animals. This group of Meru warriors has assembled for a tribal festival, their peaceful intent indicated by the balls of ostrich feathers that tip their spears



#### WAITING THEIR TURN

The water hole is a favorite field for the camera hunter, because sooner or later even the most timid animals must come to drink. Zebras loaf about this one while a number of eland take their fill. Scattered over the plain as far as eye can reach are other herds attracted by the water



#### GIRAFFES AT A MARSHY WATER HOLE

The giraffes are difficult to approach, but with the aid of long-focus lenses Mr. Johnson has been able to bring them to the foreground of the scene. With the delicate equipment he is now using, the most complete ever carried into Africa, he will be able to make "close-ups" that will show the blinking of an animal's eye and the individual hairs of its mane





#### A NATIVE ACTOR

Mr. Johnson expects to encounter slight opposition on the part of the natives when he undertakes a film that deals with their tribal customs. Should any of this sort arise, they too may be photographed without their knowledge by means of long-focus lenses

# HERBERT WARD

## A SCULPTOR OF PRIMITIVE AFRICAN LIFE

*Photographs by courtesy of the United States National Museum, Smithsonian Institution*

**D**OWN in Washington there is a bit of the very jungle itself transported from Africa to the dignified halls of the National Museum. Dark figures in primitive postures—warriors, laborers, craftsmen, chiefs and slaves—people the spacious rooms given over to the work of Herbert Ward, artist, writer, humanitarian.

Ward was a man of many talents. Some of them were inherited from his father, Edwin Ward, an English naturalist and sculptor; his grandfather, Henry Ward, also a naturalist, frequently accompanied Audubon in his wanderings through the United States.

England was Herbert Ward's birthplace, but a restless desire, a very fever to see the world, urged him as a boy of sixteen to break away from the restraints of his comfortable, well-ordered home to face experiences that one less stout-hearted would have called unendurable hardships. He emigrated to New Zealand and Australia. Once, while he was working his way in the Antipodes, he signed up with a circus, but the circus job and all other jobs at that stage of his life were but detours from the main road he burned to follow—the road that led to the innermost heart of the wilderness. Convalescent from a fever contracted in Borneo, the lad returned to England—and fortunately for him. Through the good offices of a friend he met Henry M. Stanley, and, recommended by Stanley, he secured a position in the Congo in the service of the Belgian Government.

The boyish adventurer, broad-shouldered, blue-eyed and shy, reached his first station

on the Congo River in the autumn of 1884. He was assigned the important duty of hiring native carriers for the transportation of goods to the interior. In no time he established intimate relations with the people of the wild. He shared their daily existence, sketched them and wrote about them, and gradually he collected a comprehensive lot of objects that were used by the

natives. After three years of exile—a happy exile for one of his makeup—he had the opportunity of serving Stanley by sending a large number of native porters to his aid. Stanley was on the way to rescue Emin Pasha. To the youthful explorer's delight he was accepted as a member of the relief expedition.

Ward spent five years among the Congo cannibals. Returning from Africa he married and began to study painting and sculpture seriously. Since his earliest days in the Congo he had felt the urge to interpret the thought and customs of the natives of central Africa. Gradually this work now took shape.

It was his custom to model figures in sculptors' wax and from them draw illustrations for magazine articles. With the same lump of plasteline he would form a wild beast or a warrior, a woman or a babe. The first sculptured head that he completed received favorable notice at the Royal Academy in London and at the Paris Salon in 1901. Thereafter he worked almost exclusively from Negro models, and during the next ten years he created all the figures that are now in the Herbert Ward Collection at the United States National Museum.

The African sculptures, when shown at a



By Sir William Goscombe John

### PORTRAIT BUST OF HERBERT WARD

Showing him as he appeared at the age of twenty-seven, when he was living in the Congo jungle





A SECTION OF THE WARD EXHIBIT OF AFRICAN SCULPTURES AND CURIOSITIES

Paris exhibition, won the highest honors it was possible to bestow upon a foreigner. Two portraits in bronze were purchased by the Luxembourg Museum, and in 1911 the sculptor was awarded the Cross of the Legion of Honor.

It was during a visit to Washington at the home of his friends Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Nelson Page that the artist became interested in the work of the Smithsonian Institution, founded by an Englishman, James Smithson, who, like himself, was at heart a vagabond. Here, he decided, his exhaustive collection of African costumes, implements and curios should rest, and here he determined that his sculptured pageant of native life permanently should be displayed.

Before he was able to carry out his intention of arranging his collections for the foremost American scientific institution the Great War had begun. Laying down pen and chisel he volunteered for service with the British Ambulance in France. He was wounded while carrying victims of shell fire to a place of safety and was invalided home. A great part of his furlough he spent in America lecturing for the cause of the American War Relief in Paris. Later, as an officer of the French Red Cross, he continued his labors of mercy. After the Armistice he went on a mission to the Balkans. There, greatly weakened by his wound and the strain of long months of unwearying effort, he became so ill that it was necessary for him to journey back by slow stages to his home in France. On August

5, 1919, he went on "to the greatest of all adventures."

One of the remarkable features of the English sculptor's career was his ready transition from the jungle to the studio. He explained the ease with which he made this transition by saying, "When you pass five years of the impressionable age, from twenty-one to twenty-six, with a people, and when you are naturally in sympathy with them, interested in all you see, it seems to me that it is bound to dominate your life. And that is the whole story. . . . Many people ask me, 'Why do you do these ugly Negroes? Why not do things that can be put in a drawing-room?' But if a man does ugly Negroes, and knows what he is doing, and manages to get his soul into it, there will some day come along the men who understand."

"Men who understand," and women, and children have come in increasing numbers to see these moving, truthful portrayals of the black forest dweller. The sculptor, in the words of a friend, "has brought home the infinite tragedy of the Congo in these marvelous reproductions of central African types, which tell all that see them of that unknown world of primitives, with its mysteries, its savagery, its suffering and its promise. Nothing but sheer power could have forced upon Western cultured superficiality the interest which Ward's work excites—interest in a race long persecuted with pitiless cruelty, a race of another color, remote, incomprehensible to the Western mind."



**"THE FIRE MAKER"**

A virile example of the sculptor's ability. A native is making fire by the primitive wood friction method. A pointed implement is set in the surface of a dry piece of wood and twirled between the palms of the hands until heat is generated and a spark arises, igniting the tinder at hand





"THE CHIEF OF THE TRIBE"

A figure slightly larger than life size, representing primitive government and symbolizing "not one chief but a hundred chiefs"



**"THE FOREST LOVERS"**

Exhibited in 1904 under the title "The Bantu." African natives of the Bantu stock furnished most of the slaves originally transported to America





"DEFIANCE"

An heroic figure "quivering in expectation of immediate and deadly encounter . . . his attitude and fierce visage calculated to strike terror in a foe"



ONE OF MR. AKELEY'S CAMPS ON THE TANA RIVER, KENYA COLONY, AFRICA  
A region where the hippopotamus, rhinoceros, buffalo and lion were at this time (1909) very abundant



## AVE A HEART—By Carl Akeley ✧ ✧

### A Statement and Plea for Fair Game Sport in Africa

*Photographs Courtesy American Museum of Natural History*

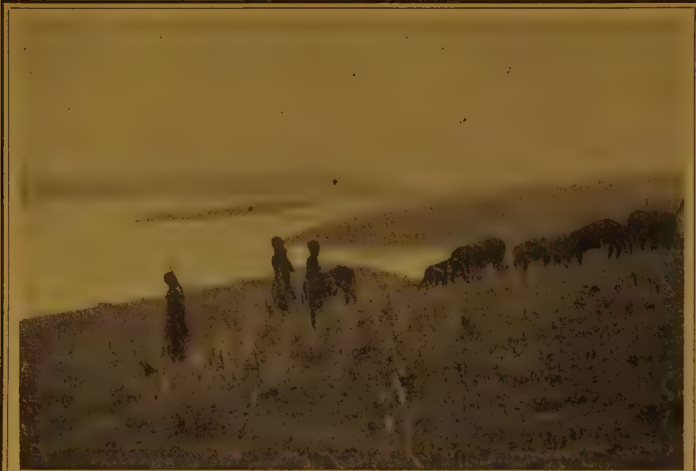
The disappearance of the African fauna is naturally deplored and resisted by lovers of wild life, even while they realize its inevitability. Throughout all history the subjugation of the original inhabitants of a country has followed the advent of civilization and too often, when wild animals and wild peoples have been made to serve the purposes of the white man, the extermination of the wild species has resulted. In Africa the great mammals have persisted longer than on any other continent, but to-day many factors are contributing to their destruction.

Two types of so-called "sportsmen" who have no possible excuse for their slaughter of African game and who might well be controlled are the man who is dominated by blood lust, and the "game hog." I have seen a good deal of a certain white man in Africa whose greatest joy it is to come up with a wounded animal, whip out his knife and cut its throat. On these occasions he is in an actual frenzy of joy. He derives infinitely more pleasure from wounding the animal and finishing it off with his own hands than he could possibly get out of a clean kill with the rifle.

The "game hog" is a "sportsman" who feels that he is cheated if he does not kill everything that his license permits. A sportsman's license in Kenya Colony formerly, and I believe it is about the same still, entitled the holder to kill from two hundred and fifty to three hundred head of game. A good case in point was that of two Russian "gentlemen" shooting in Kenya Colony. When they came back to Nairobi after their shoot I saw their trophies laid out. It was a pitiful sight. Each one had done his best to get the ten specimens of each species allowed, and the heads—twenty of them in some cases—were strung out in a ghastly row. It was quite apparent that because their time was limited they had made no attempt to select good heads, but had shot everything in sight, alive and moving. The hunt over, their great problem was what to do with these "trophies." They finally decided to *throw them all away* except a few selected specimens.

Another hunter entitled to be classed with those I have just described is the man who goes to Africa to make a big killing because he is obsessed with the idea that it is the thing to do to round out his list of social





NATIVES WITH FLOCKS ON LAKE KIVU

A portion of the northern shore of Lake Kivu is included in the Parc National Albert game preserve

achievements. A man from the Pacific coast, having decided that an African hunt was one of the desiderata on his list, came to me for suggestions. I spent two valuable hours giving him the best advice of which I was capable, and when he was about to leave my studio he said: "Very well, I shall write Mr. So-and-so (naming a famous professional hunter in Africa) and direct him to arrange for a *safari* of three months. When I reach Nairobi I shall show him the list of things I want to kill and tell him that, if he can manage it so that I can shoot my game in three weeks, I will pay the full amount for the three months' *safari*. What I really want is to kill these things and get out of the damn country as soon as I can!" It is a pity that such men cannot be kept out of Africa.

A white hunter of my acquaintance, who is in the *safari* business, remarked to me one day: "The game is going. It is my job to help it along as fast as possible and to make all I can out of it." This man, I am glad to say, is not typical of the white hunters of Kenya Colony, although he is not alone in this view. One of the most vigorous opponents of the gorilla sanctuary recently established in the Kivu was a white hunter and professional guide of considerable influence. He, of course, saw a source of profit vanishing when the proposed sanctuary threatened to prevent this exploitation of the gorilla and his use of the big ape as a lure to attract wealthy sportsmen who feel that they must add at least one dead gorilla to their list of trophies. Heaven knows how anyone can think of killing a gorilla as sport!

This is only a partial list of the types of killer for whom there is no possible excuse. On the other hand, there are those who are justified in contributing to the extermination of the wild life of Africa. Perhaps the most ardent nature lover can offer no answer to the arguments of the settler who finds it necessary either to kill off the wild animals or to drive them back in order that his cultivated fields may be protected from their depredations. When a settler has growing crops he naturally cannot tolerate the raid of a great herd of game. He objects when elephants come into his garden in the night and destroy the result

of months of labor, when his fence has been demolished by a herd of zebra in an attempt to escape a lion. Moreover, when a settler feels that his live stock is menaced by diseases that are spread by wild animals he is scarcely to be blamed for agitating for the destruction of the game.

Nevertheless, it will be a long time before one quarter of the area of this vast continent is required for cultivation. Therefore, the game, if wisely handled, might well be left on the other three quarters and afforded such protection as would prevent the destruction of the various species at least.

With ivory at present prices, natives and settlers alike hail with joy an opportunity to add to their income through the acquisition of as many pairs of tusks as they can manage to take. Armed with his primitive weapons alone the native could never deplete the stock of game, but when he is allowed to carry firearms for protection—the sort of protection he never required until the white man came—he is ruthless in his slaughter. The white man of Africa blames the native for the present depletion. It is true that in places the natives have great drives, using pits, poisoned arrows and such other methods as they have used from time immemorial, and thus occasion the killing of great numbers of animals.

But we must remember that when the white man came the land was teeming with animal life and for generations the game and the natives had been there together. Directly or indirectly, civilized man is responsible for the rapid disappearance of wild life in Africa.

One of the most difficult problems that Africa faces to-day is that of the establishment of a balance between human rights and animal rights. Most of the civilized countries holding African possessions are aware that the disappearance of faunal species of scientific interest is a zoölogical calamity and are devoting more or less attention to measures for game protection. The British naturally lead in this work. The real British sportsman is the model of sportsmanship. However, all British hunters do not measure up to the true English standards and those who would protect the game from extermination have much to contend with even in their own land. In all British colonies there are great game reserves, but these reserves are not absolute sanctuary. Someone is always looking for an excuse to get in with a gun, and too often he succeeds in doing so. Poachers are a menace in a country as vast as Africa, and to police the reserves adequately would be physically impossible.

In a few cases where reservations have been established the extermination of the animals has subsequently been officially decreed. Take for example the Addo Bush Forest Reserve in the province of the Cape of Good Hope. Here an area of approximately six thousand acres had been reserved for a herd of between one hundred and two hundred elephants, the only survivors of a distinct variety that had originally inhabited southern Africa. Unfortunately, when the reserve was laid out, the fact that it was a waterless scrub was not taken into consideration. For the elephants to get to the river to drink it was necessary that they cross a number of irrigated farms, where they broke down fences, stampeded cattle, destroyed crops, did damage to the banks of irrigation ditches and frightened human beings. After due consideration, therefore, the colony organized an official band of elephant hunters to exterminate the troublesome herd, with the ultimate result that the elephants killed about as many hunters as the hunters killed elephants. An elephant that runs from a hunter in the open readily takes up the offensive when it is once safe in its own country, and the methods of warfare em-

ployed by this herd when the hunters penetrated their reserve were so effective that after several years the attempt at extermination was abandoned. The province finally recognized the fact that the elephants of the Addo Bush had won in their fight for existence and the government has recently condemned a number of farms of the neighborhood and added them to the reserve in order to provide the elephants with passage to the river. For the time being at least this species is safe.

The first national park in central Africa, the Parc National Albert, was established by a royal decree of His Majesty, the King of Belgium, on March 2, 1925. This park is of particular importance from the standpoint of conservation, first, because it provides absolute sanctuary for all the wild life within its confines and, second, because the animal most affected is the gorilla. The limits of the Parc National Albert as defined by this royal decree include an area of approximately two hundred square miles in the eastern part of the Belgian Congo between Lake Kivu and Uganda, and encompasses three of the most beautiful mountains in the world—Mikeno, Karisimbi and Visoke. In the triangular region formed by these three peaks the gorillas live. A considerably larger area surrounding the sanctuary proper and equaling it in scenic quality has been declared a game reservation and will also serve as a corridor to further isolate and protect the gorilla.

The royal decree further forbids the de-



MR. AKELEY AT THE GORILLA CAMP

Skins are drying on the ground, the skeletons are hanging on the rack, and the preserved body of a young gorilla is suspended from the ridge pole of Mr. Akeley's tent



## THE MENTOR

struction of any sort of animal or plant life within the area and provides for an adequate number of wardens to enforce these regulations. In the mountainous region where the gorillas are found the natives pasture their flocks and pick up firewood, but they do not hunt the gorilla.

For years the gorilla has been protected from man's attack by an unearned reputation for ferocity attributed to him by early explorers whose published tales were elaborated to make their wilderness adventures as heroic as possible. Deprived of this protective disrepute as a result of my observations and experiences in the Kivu the gorilla was left defenseless. No longer considered invincible he became merely another game animal, the more eagerly hunted down because of the novelty of the experience. Had not the Belgian Government realized the seriousness of the situation I believe the Kivu gorillas would have disappeared long ago.

Much credit for the prompt inception of this fine piece of conservation work is due to His Excellency, Baron de Cartier de Marchienne, the Belgian ambassador to the United States, who from the very beginning enthusiastically endorsed and backed the gorilla sanctuary and who has worked tire-

lessly for its accomplishment. The world also owes a debt of gratitude to James Gustavus Whiteley, the Belgian consul at Baltimore, who was first to volunteer assistance when my original plea for the preservation of the gorilla went forth in 1922.

I have estimated that the gorilla tribe that dwells among these mountains numbers no more than fifty or a hundred individuals. The Belgian Government, having permitted a few specimens to be killed for scientific purposes, now rightly feels that the time has come when the final step must be taken to preserve the few remaining gorillas from extermination. It is the plan of the Belgians to erect a laboratory for biological studies in the park, where scientists from all parts of the world may eventually come to study the flora and fauna of the Belgian Congo. I believe that the gorillas of the region, whom I found to be timid and friendly, rather than ferocious and aggressive, will eventually become so accustomed to man under the protection of the sanctuary that they may be observed and studied at close range.

I know of no other project of so moderate a size that will render such valuable and lasting service to humanity and to science as the Parc National Albert.



SUNRISE IN THE PARC NATIONAL ALBERT

These three peaks—Visoke, Mikenko and Karisimbi—are the heart of the new Belgian National Park. Their forested slopes have been made absolute sanctuary for the hundred or more gorillas that are there, as well as for all other forms of animal and plant life

# BLACK LAUGHTER

*The Africa of Llewelyn Powys*

BY STUART SHERMAN

Llewelyn Powys is an Englishman of brilliant literary talent who between 1914 and 1919 was engaged in discovering Africa. He did not discover Africa as a game preserve or as a diamond mine but as an appalling province of the imagination, just as Joseph Conrad discovered it in that soul-stirring tale "Heart of Darkness," and just as the French naval officer and novelist, Pierre Loti, discovered it in his enchanting "Roman d'un Spahi."

If you wish to feel for yourself the full force of Mr. Powys' concussion with Africa, perhaps you need to read first his latest book, "Skin for Skin." There you will learn what sort of æolian harp this young Englishman was before gigantic black fingers plucked savage music out of him. He came out of a soft southern English environment: a big family of intelligent and talented brothers and sisters growing up together, under the influence of the English Church, Cambridge University and the fragrant gardens and pastoral loveliness of Dorsetshire and Wiltshire. Till he was about twenty-five years old one makes him out to have been an eager intellectual of poetical inclination, and with a very lively sense that a world full of flowering gorse and cuckoos is a beautiful place to live in. In 1909, abruptly, he discovered canker in his own roses. Acute symptoms of tuberculosis developed; and for the next five years he was "chasing" health in Swiss and English resorts and working out a philosophy of life in recognition of disease.

In further pursuit of health Mr. Powys sailed from England for Africa in 1914, with the reverberation of the first guns of the World War in his ears, thus carrying with him, as he fled from his internal enemy, knowledge that modern civilization is infected and that long-drawn-out, planet-shattering, international murder may break out whenever any reckless diplomatic scullion spills the beans. If you take out your map of Africa you can follow the track of Mr. Powys' retreat: up the east coast almost to the equator; put in at Mombasa, a port near the southern limit of British East Africa; there take the train and climb up and inland, a twenty-nine hours' journey through Nairobi and Naivasha to Gilgil. The trip



LLEWELYN POWYS  
Author of "Black Laughter", and other books

out from Gilgil is described in "A Sheepman's Diary" in "Ebony and Ivory." His emotions on the first night and morning of his arrival are described with amazing power in "Black Laughter." Africa's first stroke at him is, for a time, obliterating. His sense of insignificance is overwhelming. He feels himself but a spark puffed out at midnight by a little Uganda train, to expire in the unknown and illimitable darkness.

In the early part of Mr. Powys' African sojourn he had the protection and companionship of his brother William, who was superintending a farm there; and for a while he had leisure to convalesce, study the Swahili language and sit in the sunshine watching chameleons' eyes and the high swooping of the white-breasted hawks, or to stroll along the game paths and contemplate at the water holes the "silver-white bones, witnessing to the innumerable animal tragedies that had been enacted at these terrible death traps." But European civilization required the assistance of William Powys in caring for some one of the death traps which it was setting back in God's country. And presently the invalid's hands and mind were fully occupied with managing the black labor and the stock on a ranch grazing 14,000 sheep and 2,000 cattle.

The invalid's tasks were varied. Besides keeping the books, there were a lot of robust duties, such as tarring, dosing,



## THE MENTOR

branding and butchering the stock; fighting fire, rinderpest, dysentery, smallpox; setting traps for lions and leopards; occasionally facing the wrath and the guns of the black boys clamoring for meat; not to speak of burying carrion and disposing of the victims of accident and pestilence. There was abundance of life and of death to stimulate reflection in a philosopher; but during the five years of his managership Mr. Powys was for the most part too much absorbed by his work to understand fully what Africa was doing to his soul.

At the end of that period he shook off the dust and dung of the sheep ranch and fled away alone to the shore of Lake Elementeita, where he sat for days under a dead thorn tree, amid the tuneless screaming of African birds and the rank scent of flaming African flowers, watching the hippopotami yawn, while he listened in silence, self-obliterated, waiting "to hear the great troubled heart of this strange continent beating out its secret." There he brooded, and there he conceived his first African book, "Ebony and Ivory."

And this is the secret which the black gods of Lake Elementeita whispered to him: "At the bottom of the well of life there is no hope. . . . The surface is everything; below there is nothing." The "Ebony" section of the book contains seven sketches and stories of African life, some of them of a horrible ferocity, and all of them tending to bring out the remorseless nature of the struggle for life among the savage blacks, the savage European overseers and the savage wild animals under the equator.

In "Black Laughter" Mr. Powys returns to his grim theme. This time, as he tells us, he deliberately shunned æsthetic embellishments. He attempted to give an intimate and comprehensive account of his own re-

actions to the African environment throughout the period of his residence. But this book is even more moving and eloquent than "Ebony and Ivory."

The fundamental darkness and horror of Mr. Powys' vision of the natural world cannot, I think, be explained adequately, as some critics try to explain it, by reference to his discovery of his own pursuing disease, back in 1909. Doubtless that had its influence in his interpretation of Africa. That sharply and disenchantingly directed his

attention to a grave defectiveness in nature.

But that was only the starting point in his observation of the hard terms and short tenure of life on the planet. He did indeed see African blood lust through his own sickness. But more important than that, he saw African blood lust through that great and violent sickness of western civilization which we call the World War. In the World War he recognized an unusual and therefore astounding disclosure of the activating passions which exist everywhere just beneath the smooth surface of conventionalized societies.

In Africa, however, there was an end of illusion and pretense; and he is

almost ecstatic from the immense expansion of the intelligence and the feelings which squarely facing the truth may produce in any man. Africa rawly, shamelessly, broadly, enormously bellows in the face of her tropical sun and moon what in civilized lands is only whispered—that her master law is "Kill! Kill! Kill!"

"That," declares Mr. Powys, "was what one had to do to keep in tune with the African rhythm." The more assiduously this mandate is obeyed, "the more in harmony one becomes with that equatorial environment where the motive principles of nature lie stark and undisguised."



MR. POWYS IN AFRICA  
The author is holding a pet baby baboon



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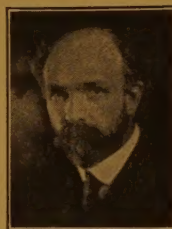
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#### 1. Cross out the wrong form

- Between (you and I — you and me).  
I (did it — have done it) already.  
(Who — whom) shall I call?  
It's just (as — like) I said.  
The river has (overflowed — overflows) its banks.  
I (would — should) like to go.  
I (laid — lay) down to rest.  
Divide it (among — between) the three.  
The wind blows (cold — coldly).  
You will (find only — only find) one.

#### 2. Do you say—?

- |                |    |                |
|----------------|----|----------------|
| ev-en-ing      | or | eve-ning       |
| as-cer-tain    | or | as-cer-tain    |
| hos-pl-ta-ble  | or | hos-pit-able   |
| ab-do-men      | or | ab-do-men      |
| may-or-al-ty   | or | may-or-al-ty   |
| a-me-na-ble    | or | a-men-able     |
| ac-cl-mate     | or | ac-cl-mate     |
| pro-found      | or | pro-found      |
| ben-e-fish-ary | or | ben-e-fish-ary |
| cul-l-na-ry    | or | cul-l-na-ry    |

#### 3. Do you spell it—?

- |           |    |           |             |    |             |
|-----------|----|-----------|-------------|----|-------------|
| supercede | or | supersede | repetition  | or | repetition  |
| receive   | or | recieve   | separate    | or | seperate    |
| repreive  | or | repreive  | acomodate   | or | accommodate |
| donkeys   | or | donkies   | trafficking | or | trafficking |
| factories | or | factorys  | acesible    | or | accessible  |

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#### Answers

1.  
Between you and me  
I have done it already  
Whom shall I call?  
It's just as I said  
The river has over-  
flowed its banks  
I should like to go  
I lay down to rest  
Divide it among the  
three  
The wind blows cold  
You will find only one

#### 2.

- eve-ning  
as-cer-tain  
hos-pl-ta-ble  
ab-do-men  
may-or-al-ty  
a-me-na-ble  
ac-cl-mate  
pro-found  
ben-e-fish-ary  
cul-l-na-ry

#### 3.

- supersede repetition  
receive separate  
repreive accomodate  
donkeys trafficking  
factories accessible

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# THE MENTOR

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## THE OPEN LETTER



NEW YEAR'S DAY and Resolutions—the two as intimately associated as Fourth of July and firecrackers. And yet, why must

New Year's Day be specially reserved for resolutions? Every day is, in a sense, the beginning of a new year; and certainly any day is good enough for resolutions. The New Year's Day we celebrate is not a divine ordinance. It is simply an establishment of the calendar maker, marking a turning point in the procession of years.

There are various ways of reckoning the beginning of a new year. For the individual the birthday is perhaps the most natural New Year's Day, for that is the day when everything was new to him. And a birthday is surely the day of days for new resolutions.

The first of February is The Mentor's birthday—and the beginning of its fourteenth year. The Mentor will open this new year with much more than resolutions. It will go out with the ripe fruits of resolution, in the form of new and attractive features, and plans for more ahead—plans that will mean a Mentor bigger in size, broader in range and more beautiful in appearance. We shall give more reading matter and more pictures, and a larger page that will adequately display the beautiful illustrations that we shall offer each month.

The February Mentor will not only be good to look at—it will give a full measure of value in the quantity, quality and variety of interesting subjects attractively presented.

More of this next month—when we shall

come to you in the new and enlarged format, and with something to say about our future plans and projects.

The turn of the year is a time to look backward as well as forward, and the "back view" of The Mentor is a mighty pleasing one. From the first number in February, 1913, The Mentor has been building up steadily, each number a stone in a structure that has, in the course of the years, come to be recognized as a substantial establishment. Just how substantial it is, and how full the recognition, may be seen in the fact that *all* numbers of The Mentor from the very beginning have continued to be in demand, and have sold steadily. During the years the sales of back numbers *have mounted into the millions*—sufficient evidence, surely, of the enduring value of the contents.

Which prompts us to suggest that readers of The Mentor should take thought *now* if they want any of these valuable back numbers. Although a liberal edition has always been printed in order to provide for the back number sale, the stock of back numbers is now low, and some numbers are entirely out of print. Make up your mind now, therefore, and order the back numbers that you want before they are all sold. The sales go right on every day—and there is only a limited number left. Send to us for the printed list, and make your selection before it is too late.

*W. D. Moffat*

• Editor





DATE DUE

